

OVERSIZE

PN

6110

.C7

P5

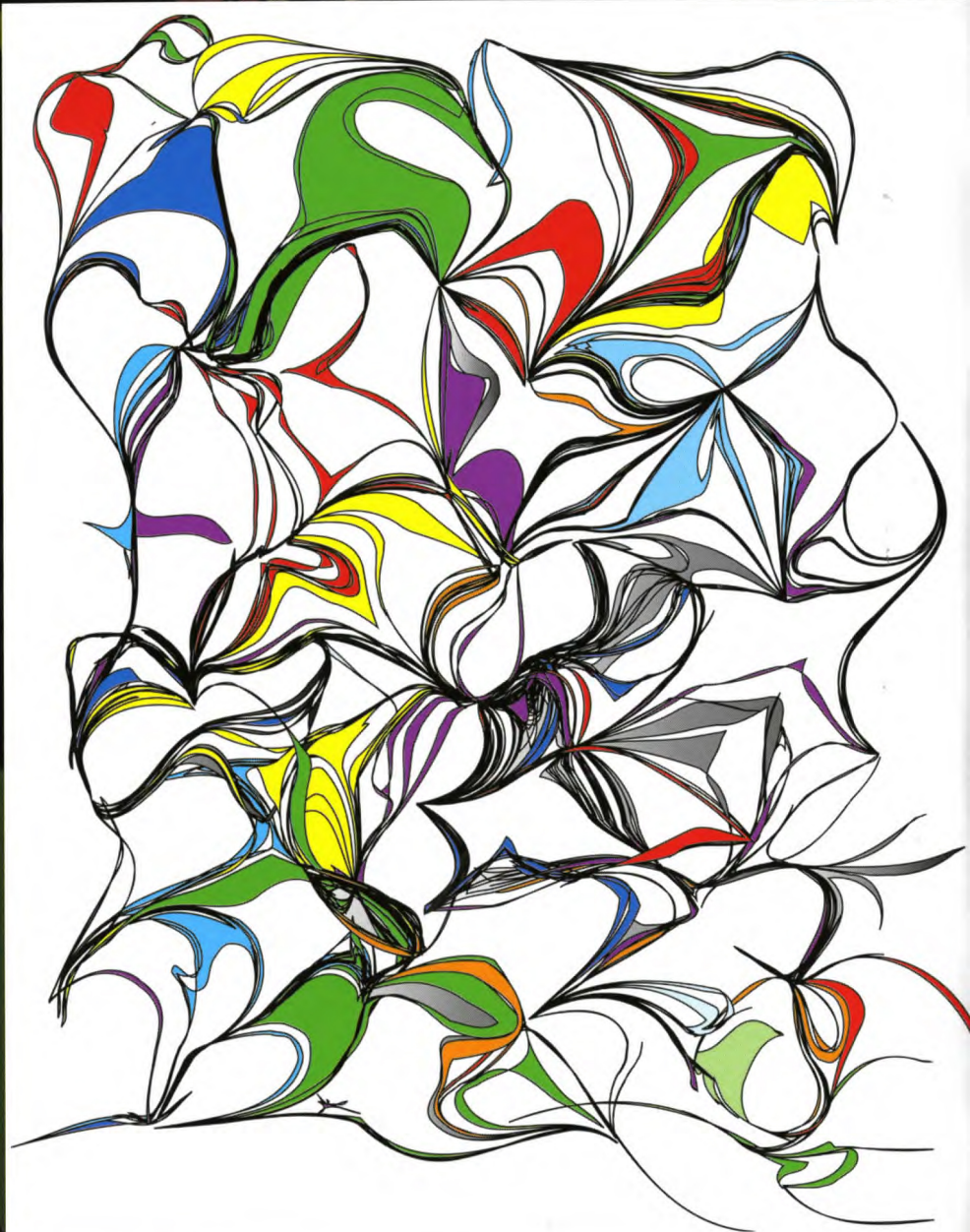
2005

PHOENIX

PHOENIX

Literary and Arts Magazine

The College of New Rochelle 2005



COLORFUL

Janise Tejada

PHOENIX

Literary and Arts Magazine

Volume 30

CREATIVE EDITORS

Amy Perry

Alana Ruptak

Emily D. Williams

EDITORS

Tiara Simmons

Jenell Wilkie

STAFF

Candice Batson
Sophia Domeville
Tung Nguyen
Sara Worthington
Christina Zacaviaz

FACULTY ADVISOR

Dr. Nick Smart

The College of New Rochelle 2005

ADVISER'S NOTE

I write in praise of advisees. As an interim adviser to *Phoenix*, substituting for the long-time and mega-successful Dr. Cynthia Kraman while she is on sabbatical, I have been carried to the finish line, like the baton in a relay race, by a group of seniors whose skill and pluck have won the race.

That the spirit of the arts is alive and well at The College of New Rochelle is brilliantly illustrated by the graduating *Phoenix* staff. Let me begin with the Editors in Chief, Jenell Wilkie and Tiara Simmons. Fortunate enough to have had both of these students in class I know them as thinkers in the realms of politics, spirituality and aesthetics. As fiction writers and poets they have distinguished themselves. Tiara sings in the Gospel Choir and Jenell works closely with the College to help recruit and orient first-year students. They are artists of the word and the voice but also adept in the art of living. These two fine representatives of our community breathed vital life into the activities of their staff, organizing writing workshops that were groovy and Slams that were intense. The poetry and fiction they have collected represents the exuberance and sensitivity of their work.

When it came time to produce the physical book, *Phoenix*, turned to long-time friends and talented visual artists Amy Perry, Alana Ruptak and Emily Williams, who, having already put up their senior shows in the Art Department (wonderful, thought-provoking, joy-providing shows), were generous beyond measure to work the material they were given into the form in which you find it now. Their vision is remarkable for its beauty and its depth.

I am honored to have worked with this five fine young women, whose ability to fuse the social demands of life on campus with their soulful artistic instincts has culminated in a magazine that we are happy, eager, to have you read.

Nick Smart

Chair, Department of English and Adviser to *Phoenix* '04/'05



LA TOUR EIFFEL EN TÊMPÊTE

Emily D. Williams



DREAM

Omega Dale

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Listed in the order in which they appear

ART

Janise Tejada "Colorful"
Emily D. Williams "La Tour Eiffel en Têmpete"
Omega Dale "Dream"
Gerri-Ann DePalo "Habitat"
Melissa Cassone "Chameleon"
Stephanie Dicheck "Untitled"
Samneang Lina Sin "The Present"
Seival Medjid "Whathell"
Maria Barajas "Untitled"
Tanaia Reid "A Family Affair"
Pam Flores "Portrait of Loved Ones / Cigarette"
Alana Ruptak "Layers of Self"
Crystal Gonzalez "Visual Texture"
Melissa Becker "Car Accident"
Belle Burchill "Untitled"
Omega Dale "Pillow"
Kerri Mahon "Subspace"
Sophia Domeville "Forbidden"

WRITING

Christina Simpson "She Writes for nothing but the sun"
Tiara Simmons "Reflect"
Denise Rimple "A Place I Didn't Want to Be"
Kathryn Tyranski "Mashed Potatoes 1"
Jennifer Boyd "Mashed Potatoes 2"
Kristi Marquis "Mashed Potatoes 3"
Marion Hester "Please Help"
Jessica Lynn Rivera "Untitled"
Danielle Peets "Unable to Contact"
Carrie Margolis "Fallen Snow"
Bekki Mui "Morphing"
Carrie Margolis "Bell"
Erin Flores "Brave"
Christina Simpson "A Nights Whisper"
Kristi Marquis "Blood Runs Like Water"



HABITAT

Gerrianne Dipalmo

SHE WRITES FOR NOTHING BUT THE SUN

She writes for nothing but the sun
That shines so brightly and warms her heart
Breathing in rays of fresh ambition
Heating the pot of rich thick coffee
Her lungs melt with an illustrious infatuation
She writes for nothing but the sun

She writes for nothing but the sun
Though it burns her skin a bright inflamed red
Her eyes awaken to a fiery lust
And the smell of singing hair still lingers
She dances like her blazed coffee beans
And yet she writes for nothing but the sun

She writes for nothing but the sun
Though it cultivates the milky pale daises
Unfolds the buds as they gaze upon him
Incites the bee to suck on bleached beer
He leaves her sitting by the smallest window
And still she writes for nothing but the sun

She writes for nothing but the sun
As he bows his head and collapses to rest
To leave her with a frosted negligence
Her tears soon sustain in a wintry state
And fall to her lap like suicidal stars
They stain her skirt to reveal a sky
And so she writes for nothing but the sun

-CHRISTINA SIMPSON

REFLECT

"That's what she said"
SHE said
"That's how it went and how the story goes"
She said
She tells her "truth"
But her "truth" does not exist
SHE called her Lie
"Lie," SHE said, "I know you well,
I know you are a lie, phony, dos caras"
SHE said, "Lie, I will fight against you,
I will expose you and destroy you"
SHE said
Her perception meant her deception
Her deception led to my rejection
Of truth
Obligation. No, manipulation
Turn it around
Because SHE doesn't see
That Lie is she
I hold up the glass and now
SHE can reflect
Reflection of deception of she.

-TIARA SIMMONS





CHAMELÉON

Melissa Cassone

A PLACE I DIDN'T WANT TO BE...

I barely made it on time. I got there by 8:28a.m. The bell had just rang as I slipped quietly into home room. My home room teacher Mrs. Richardson saw me and didn't mark me late. She understands. I serve her coffee every other mornin'. She understands that I work twelve hour days.

She's the only reason why I'm still here. It's my senior year. It's almost over. I've got two months left. Now I know you're wondering... "16 years old! You're 16 and you're a senior?" I kid you not. I got skipped two grades. I guess I'm smarter than the others. I showed some potential, and I made it to the front page of the local paper. I'm a local celebrity here in New Brunswick.

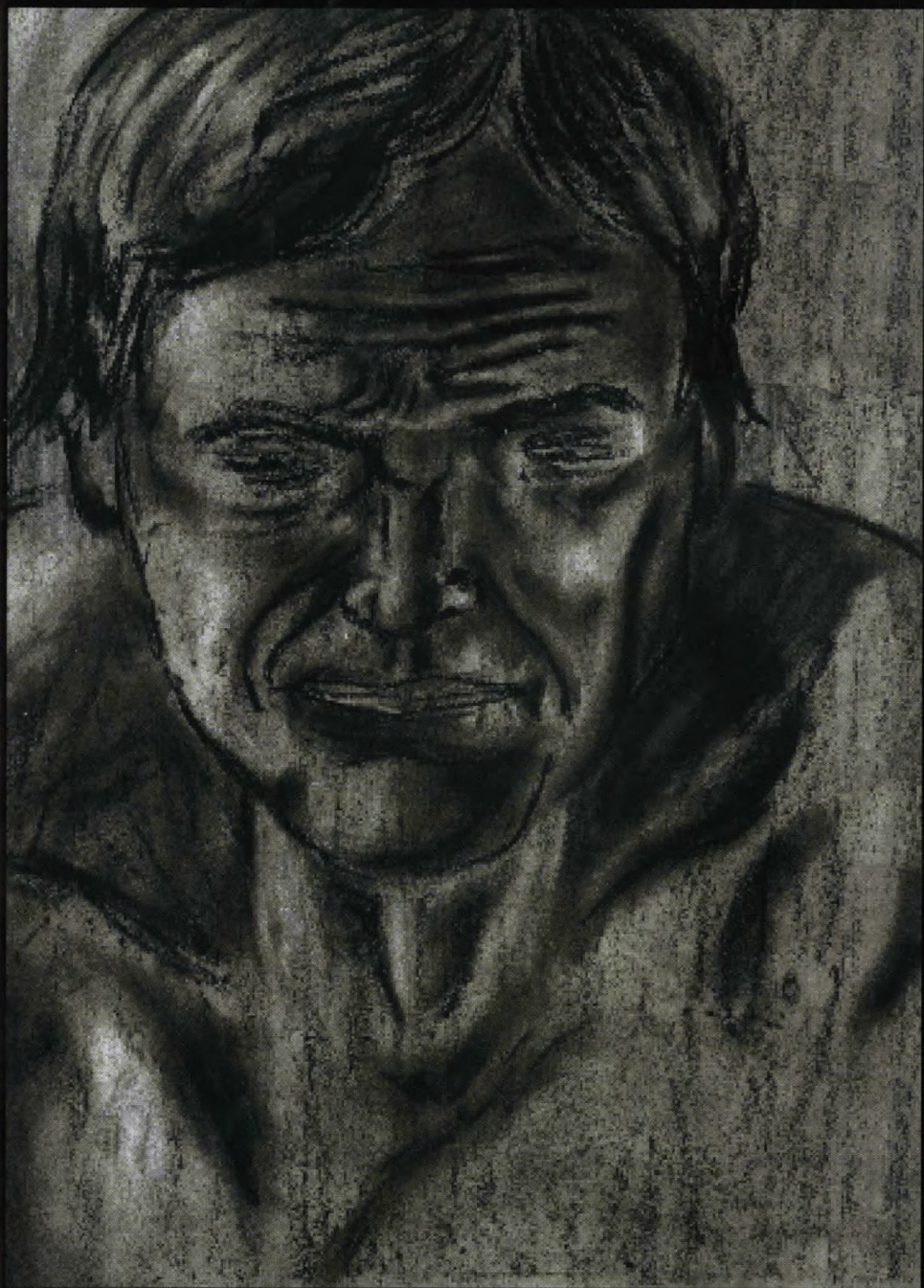
I go to New Brunswick High. How cliché is that. I attend the high school named after this two story town. I hate it here. I've always wanted to break out. Jimmy wouldn't let me. If I ever decided to leave he wants to come with me. We made an agreement. We're in this thing together. Friends forever! We actually made copies of this deal. It's in ink. We each have a copy. Silly, huh? I don't think so.

So like I was saying...every time I'm at New Brunswick High I feel like running. I don't really fit in. I'm like the out cast. I'm too young to be cool with the older kinds, yet I', too mature for the younger kids. It sucks. When Jimmy was here things were easier. I wasn't so alone. It's really lonely at the top. I have the highest GPA and I've got the grades, but all that don't matter if you're alone.

My days are usually long and painful. I don't really remember what I did. I know I do my work and turn it in early. Nobody likes me for it. I'm always the one who sets the curve. It's that I've never made anything less than 95. I don't really even try.

I have six classes each day. I have history, Spanish, calculus, English, chemistry, and physical education. Oh, I almost forgot! I have lunch inbetween. Lunch sucks only because I eat by myself. We can go out for lunch but we just got to be back within out two hour time period. I usually stay in the yard behind the school, or I eat lunch in an empty class room.

I debated whether I should cut and just go straight to work but then I realized that Jimmy would find out. I know he would be upset. So I just decided to stick it out. I only had two classes left. It was the thought of Keith keeping me going. I couldn't wait to get to the café. I couldn't wait to start my shift. I couldn't wait to get out.



UNTITLED

Stephanie Dicheck

IT WAS ALL THE MASHED POTATOES' FAULT: COLLAGE WRITING EXPLAINED

The following three pieces were written during the workshop exercise known as collage writing in the college's Fiction Writing Workshop during the fall of 2004. In collage writing we choose a few of our own paragraphs and cut the sentences out into separate strips which the facilitator mixes and matched for us. We lose some of our own sentences and are given some of our other collaborators' writing to incorporate.

While the act of assemblage goes on, other strips of language are introduced. In this session, sentences were taken from two styles of magazines (that's why there is so much talk of food in these pieces) and an essay from Walter Benjamin on the book of Genesis and man's use of language. The stories that were produced carry the tone of the experimental fiction of the 70's and early 80's, especially the work of Donald Barthelme, which we read twice during the workshop, the pop-protest wisdom of the ever popular Ani diFranco, which we listened to (but we also listened to Usher and Martina McBride), and the sense of anxious uncertainty created by national election, which was almost upon us as we worked. The results are fictional spaces both abstract and responsive, attempts to communicate without the customary burden or requirement of making sense, and an odd mixture of perspectives, both the individual's and her community's.

For the workshop participants,
Nick Smart

MASHED POTATOES

"Sometimes I wish I had the opportunity to be someone else," she sighed and mumbled. Georgia was flipping through a small book of quotes and proverbs. She stopped flipping and read, "Comfort Counts." The page prior had told her, "One should never keep it for one's self." Chinese proverbs don't really make sense, she thought, so they must be Polish ones.

She rose from the floor and climbed into a chair. Georgia shifted her weight in the seat and picked up a pen and began to slowly jot down what she was thinking...she was obviously going to have to let it all out, eventually. Another quote book rested next to her. She loved those books.

She settled on a quote from Anne Sexton. She read a loud. "You must be a poet, a lady of evil luck desiring to be what you are not, long to be what you can only visit." It was from "The Fish that Walked." "She gets me!" Georgia exclaimed. She moved to the laptop and decided to type. As she perused the keys arrangements of letters formed words and those words formed sentences on the computer screen.

The phone rang.

"Hello!"

"Who would you like to meet for a drink this evening?" asked the man on the other end.

"You," Georgia said with her lips curling into a smile.

"Did I interrupt?" he inquired.

"You can always interrupt Hot Shot," she said.

"Seven?"

"See you then."

"She was wired. She had to get out. She had six hours to kill before seeing him. She went out to her car- a 1999 VW Bug. She took off and the walls of the building blurred and the tree leaved were indistinguishable as she drove down the street, escaping."

She stopped at the gym and while working out she noticed a man belting out eighties rock. The woman on the exercise bike next to him left when he began singing "We Built this City" in tones only a music major knows. Very satisfies with her workout and entertainment, Georgia left. She went home to get ready. As she applied foundation to her face she remembered him once saying that she was "wrapped in a delicate skin." Probably the makeup, she thought.

He pulled up and honked the horn twice. Georgia stepped out the door and waltzed to the car. The man looked at her and said, "The nights are growing longer now. It's time to let your hair down and dress up in sweet colors."

Georgia smiled. They arrived at the restaurant. They talked over dinner. He had Salisbury steak with a baked potatoe. Georgia ordered chicken with mashed.

"Is your dinner good?" she asked.

He said, "It's fine."

They ate silently.

The check arrived and he paid. As he places the stack of twenties neatly in the black leather pouch, he looked at Georgia and said, "It was all the mashed potatoes' fault."

"What?" she asked, as the waiter approached.

"It was all the mashed potatoes' fault."

-KATHRYN TYRANSKI

MASHED POTATOES

The art of living is not perfected on a schedule, but as Americans we forget that. We are selling boobs like hotcakes, and all for the price of a 22-inch string of shiny plastic beads. Where television is chewing gum for the eyes, trying to outsmart Mother Nature the butter melts out habit. The toast isn't even warm.

Kind of like our government. Yes Mr. President. I know you are there. But what do you do, sprinkle joy? Who discovered this? Who decided a land of the not-so-free and home of the oh-so-brave was the place for us? Anyone?

Although there are times I just want to smack you, this feeling will never cease to exist. I will always be an American like it or not, good or bad, it's where I come from. It's a part of me. And what does bitterness do for anyone anyway?

It was one of those sticky sweet days in August where you live in the water. I had become so interested and intrigued with the historic landmarks and beautiful sights of

Italy. Life never looked this good. Before this I remember complaining, "I feel like I'm always getting ready to live, but never actually living." Not anymore. Now I'm living.

In my private hotel room I prepared for anything. I went to my free continental breakfast and asked the caretaker what to do.

"What do you do in the morning, generally?" she asked.

"What could possibly be considered normal? This is Italy," was all I said and I left. On my way out the door I ran directly into someone, spilling my tea on both of us. I touched his hands and they were like ice. So were his eyes once I looked up.

"I'm sorry" was all I could muster. "Let me make it up...how about brunch?"

"The Italians generally don't do brunch," was his excuse for me, as he scurried into the hotel.

"Stupid American," was all I could think of myself. And with that I was off to explore this new place. I was off to discover everything all over again. Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "If you miss love, you miss life." And I was not about to miss anything on this trip.

-JENNIFER BOYD

MASHED POTATOES

I am a lost soldier in a war with my own conscience. I find that the cover of the sun is not hiding my inner darkness anymore for I am here, waiting for you to take my hand and guide me through this ocean, now your ocean that your bowels occupy, lingering like seaweed on a desolate island.

Message: If your buddy saved you and dies himself in doing so, then his courage was not courage, it was love; love as simple as shaving soap. To whom does man communicate himself?

The real secret of holiday comfort is ingested and drunk in a cemetery of memories certified dead years ago. From the great cultural tradition, my savior lives in a bottle.

Stretch the days like great black oxen tread the world; God the herdsman goad them from behind and I am broken by their passing feet.

The technology of good taste bits. A poet quoting to a poet and I am lost in your smile, of all people. I try to duck without getting hit. The ash tray that hold the smoky resin of my past is burning my innocence.

World, this is goodbye because there is pain, as this as a wire, wrapped around my internal organs, piercing my skin.

I can't believe you said that to me and yet she waits for me year after year to so delicately undo an old wound, to empty my breath from its bad prison. Death's a bad bone, bruised you could say. The new delicious shorter styles.

And God said, the primary problem is magic. The mystery of life bewilders.

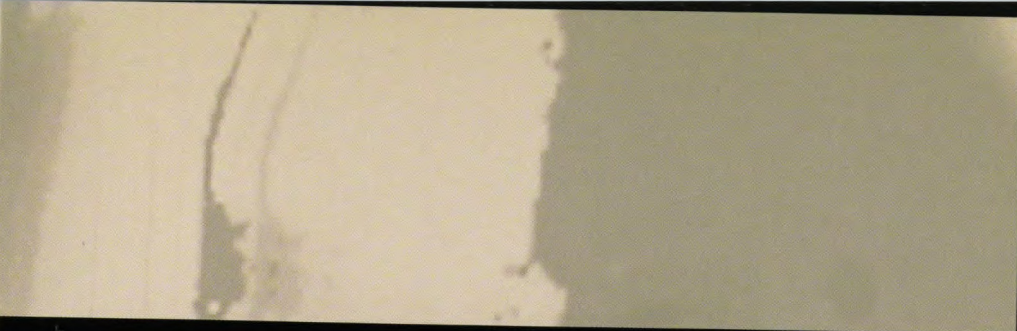
-KRISTI MARQUIS

PLEASE HELP

A new woman

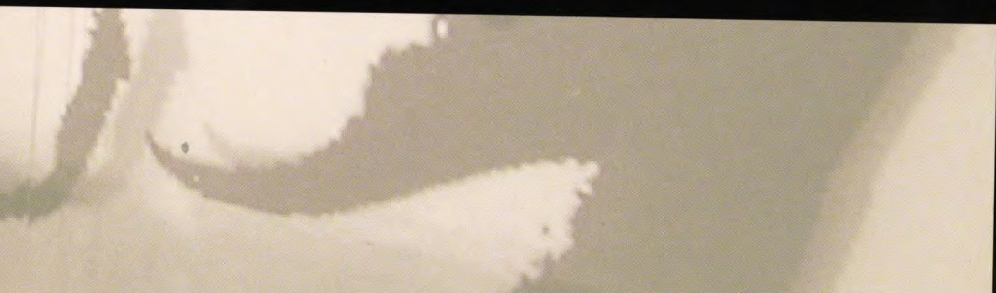
I'm angry, Angry because I feel
as if no one wants to listen to me
The real me, the me that has problems
the me that isn't perfect and always
happy, the me that needs to be loved
without strings being attached. I feel
as if everyone is ganging up on me. The
walls sometimes feel as if they are
closing. I pray and ask God to take
these feelings away, but they never cease.
I try not to cry I bite my tongue.
But I am tired of not feeling and not
speaking, I need to break loose.
Sometimes it is too much for me to bear
I feel like a balloon that is right on the
edge of exploding. So if you're listening
please help me. I don't want to fade away.

-MARION HESTER



THE PRESENT

Samneang Lina Sin





WHATHELL

UNTITLED

Joy-Fear-Begging-Pleading-Pain-Agony-Wanting-Hoping-Relief-Fade-
Fade-Fade-GONE!

That is how she spent her last living day
And in an instant, everything was taken away
Dreams, hopes, aspirations- all things that were never coming true.
For what- "Something he said love made him do."
The twinkle slowly faded from her eyes
All I could hear was yelling and screaming, asking why, but those were
only my inner cries.

Tears rolled down my face as I held her cold hand
Remembering back to when I got the dreadful call that told me it was
almost the end.

She waited for me to come, fighting for each breath
When I arrived, she smiled, said she was tired, so I told her to rest.
She whispered, "I love you" and let out a big sigh.

Who knew this would be our final goodbye?
All I could do was sit and stare at her youthful face.
Wishing that this day I could erase.

But it was too late

She was gone

Her body lay there

Her soul had moved on

Things would forever be different

Nothing could ever be the same

But I made a promise

And that vow I will maintain

My cousin gave me life and hope through her love

She is not physically here

But my guardian angel from above

Her guidance inspires me to fight for my dreams

To strive for the best

No matter how hard it seems

She consoles me, she holds me, she leads me, she guides me

She is my inspiration. This is true

But the question is:

Who is the INSPIRATION to you?

-JESSICA LYNN RIVERA



UNTITLED

Maria Barajas

UNABLE TO CONNECT

"Whatcha got there?" asked Momma.

I put the unopened envelope behind my back quickly and focused my eyes on a knot in the wood-planked floor.

"It's nothin' Momma," I said, hoping she would be satisfied with my answer.

"Then why are you hidin' it behind your back?"

I didn't answer.

"Well if it's nothing then let me see it," she insisted as she grabbed my wrist and took the envelope from my hand.

I kept my eyes locked on the floor, but I knew as soon as she looked at the return address there was disappointment in her eyes. She opened the letter, read it and handed it back to me saying nothing. As I slowly looked up Momma was walking toward the bathroom. I followed her.

"Momma...Momma don't be upset. I haven't even looked at it. I just applied to see if I could do it."

"Why wouldn't you tell me?" she asked.

"Because Momma, I knew you would be disappointed."

"Well congratulations. Now you can leave us and do the things you've always wanted."

"I got in? I got in! Oh my god."

"That's right you got in," she said as she started to cry.

"Oh Momma, don't cry. I don't know if I even want to go." I said in a soothing voice, hoping to console her.

Even thinking about leaving Brokeland was inconceivable.

This is Brokeland, Kentucky. Golden cornfields and green

pastures filled with cows as far as the eye could see. There is one main street that runs right through town. Practically every business in town was on this street. There is Gimble's General Store, Brokeland Town Hall, The First Baptist Church, the post office and Curt's diner.

It was a typical summer day. The dew was just drying on the grass, and the temperature was starting to spike, promising another bout of humidity. Everyone was going about their business, doing the daily chores before church. The farmers were milking cows and gathering corn like they do every Sunday, and wives were in the kitchen getting the stew ready for brunch. The children were playing on the front lawn of the church waiting for the bell to chime. As I walked into the sanctuary I saw Daddy sitting in our regular pew and Momma was in the back chattering with Mrs. Whitley. I made my way to the pew as Pastor Boyd began preaching. Then he showed up. Tobey McEnroe. Nephew to head rancher Old Man McEnroe. Tobey was a magazine writer from New York City come to town to do research for an upcoming article and combining his work with an extended vacation.

Tobey arrived in the middle of the church service on that Sunday morning. He opened the big white doors filling the sanctuary with sunlight and quietly sat down in the back pew next to Mrs. Whitely, one of Brokeland's finest gossips. While all the other men dressed in suits Tobey wore khaki pants, a white button-down shirt and a light blue cashmere sweater and loafers. During the service I couldn't help myself. I was intrigued...

...Tobey was so interesting and different. His whole life fascinated me. See I just graduated second in my class from Brokeland High and I was being courted by Johnny Whitaker who helped on his father's farm. It had already been decided that I would marry him, have his babies and help with the farm. I mean, that's how it was. My older

sister, Becky Jo, who was all of twenty already had four kids under the age of three. She was so worn out that she looked at least thirty five. That's just how life went if you were from Brokeland. But when Tobey showed up everything started to change, at least for me...

... "Momma," I said.

"Mary...hello? Are ya there?" she answered back.

"I'm here," said as my cell phone continued to crackle.

"Well stand still!"

"I am. I don't know why it keeps cutting out. Anyway, I just called to say hi. How is everything?"

"Everythin' is fine."

"Look Momma, I don't think I can make it home this weekend. I'm sorry."

"It's fine," she stated with disappointment in her voice.

"No, I'm really sorry. I know we have been planning this..."

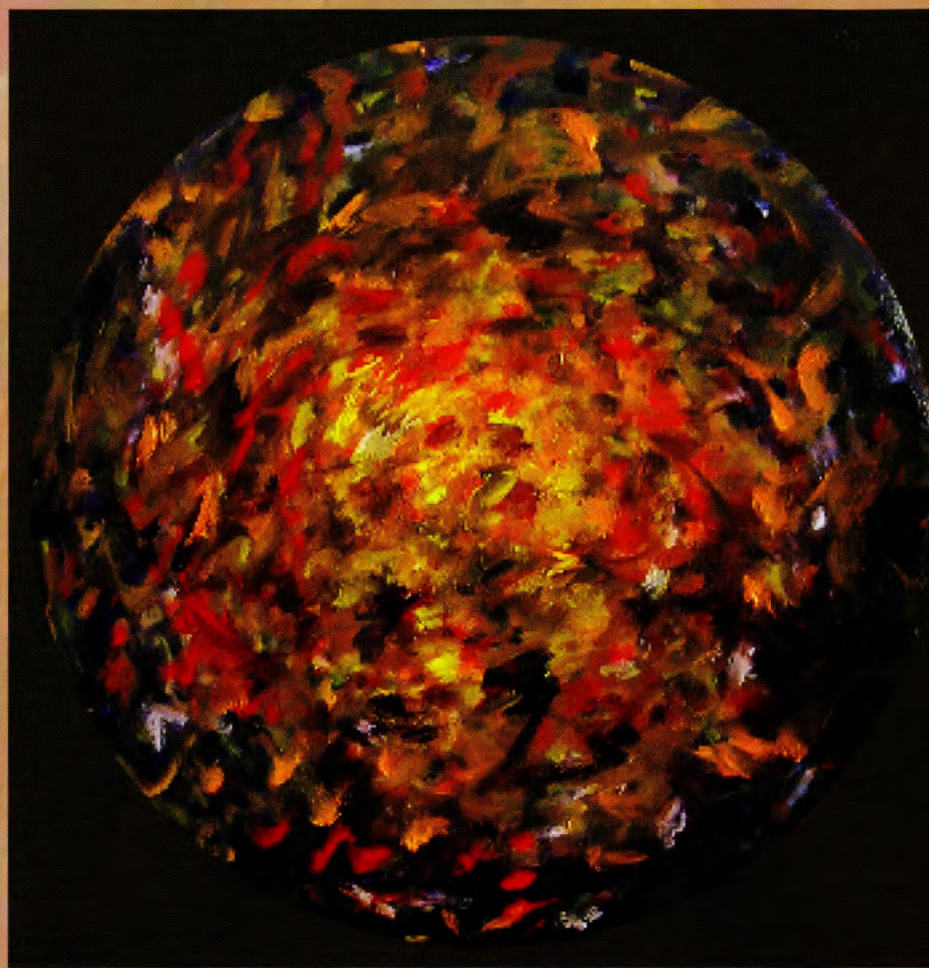
"It's okay, yer and sister and the kids were gonna come over Sunday for brunch after church to see you. I'll just make less stew. I got to go. Have fun in The Big City. I love ya. Bye."

And with that she was gone. I hung up and sat on the small bed in my empty dorm room that was decorated only with a black-and-white photo of the farm house taken by Becky Jo. I never thought I would feel so lonely in a place where every time I look out my window the street is full of people. I never said I wouldn't miss them. I felt my phone in my hand. As I tried to redial the number and hit the send button my phone read "Unable to Connect."



A FAMILY AFFAIR

Tanaia Reid



TITLE

Pam Flores

FALLEN SNOW

And the first falling of snow always brought something with it

Memories in countless hours in company with suffocated tears

The deep valley that spreads to the high ridged mountains

White

Did this never ever land become

Women of this life hold strong

Winder runs the working class ragged

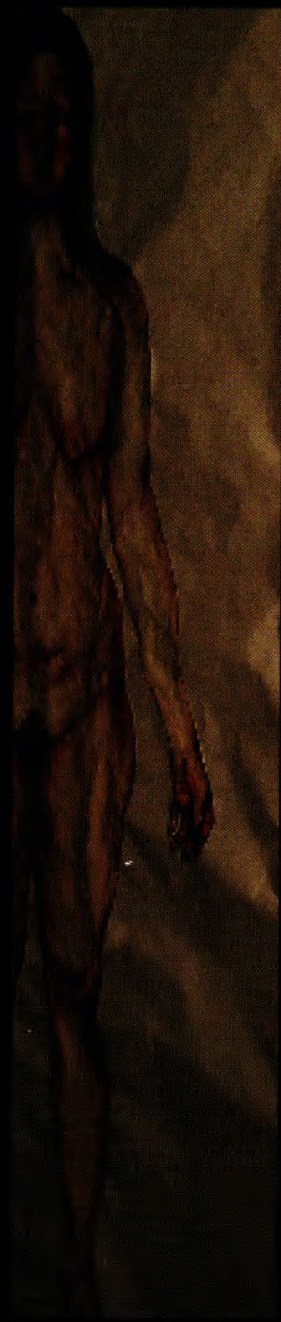
Remember the bearing of your love is what will get us through

The message was written clearly in the fallen snow the
next morning

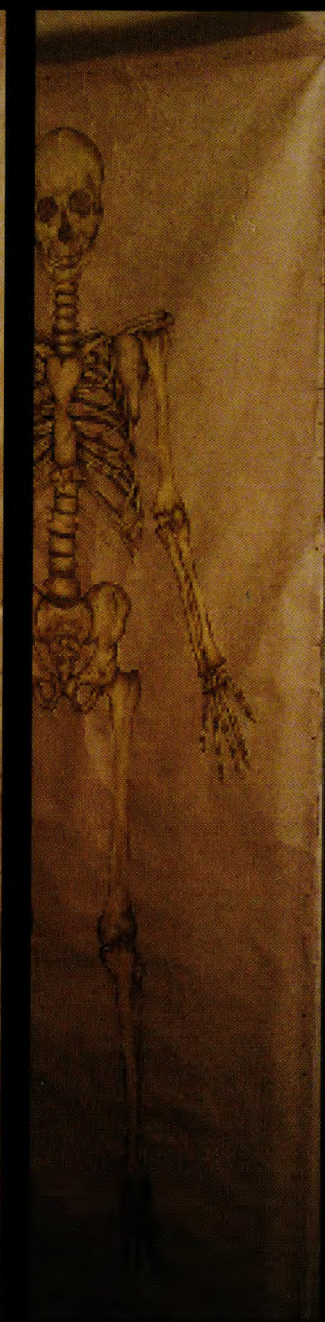
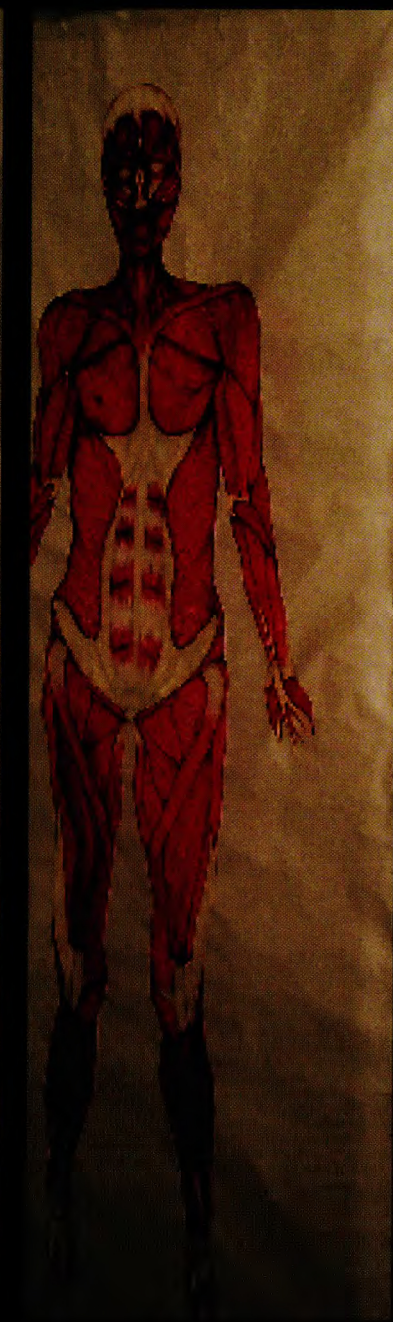
When the sun peaks, and the valley shines the softest glow of light, I will
always spread a smile

And wonder where you are?

-CARRIE M



LAYERS OF SELF



Alana Ruptak

MORPHING

I can fold the edges of my face into a smile
I can raise the my tone of voice to meet yours
I can lean in and whisper what I'd rather yell
With the lights off you can't see my doubt at all

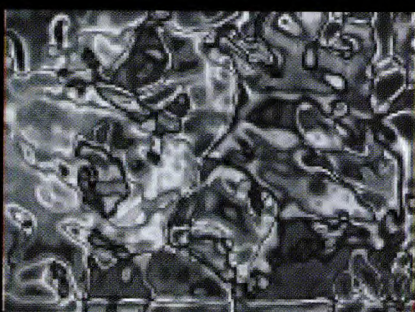
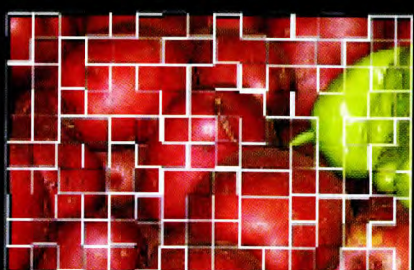
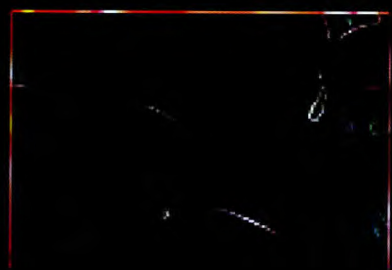
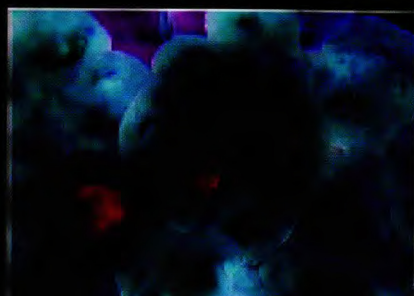
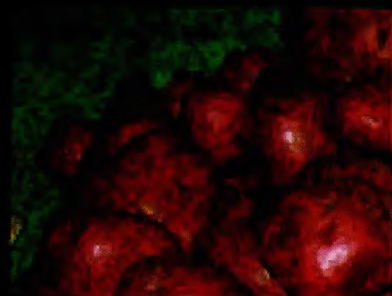
I can make my eyes receptive to your probing stare
I can focus on a distant corner as you kiss my neck
I can keep my skin from crawling as I let you touch me
With closed eyes when you kiss me you can't see my doubt at all

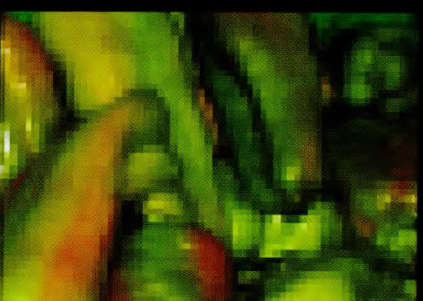
I can moan when I feel like crying
I can make my breathing synch with yours
I can cover telling silence with spooning or sleep
With my back towards you, you can't see my doubt at all

I can tell you everything you want to hear
I can be the princess that needs your saving
I can drown your concerns in nostalgic memories
With the laughter from my inside jokes, you can't see my doubt at all

I can fool you as I fool myself
I can bask in this comfortable repetition
I can force myself to ignore, to forget
How I wish you'd see my doubt through it all

-BEKKI MUI





VISUAL TEXTURE

Crystal Gonzalez

BELL

I imagined you in that dusty loom of a bar room
What am I here for? The moon rose and the sun fell shelling each shilling
like a bell
And across summerset park in the old wind of dark
She sits silent as the breeze under the great oak tree
Her eyes lift soft with bright hands that heal
And to glory from most of this fury
With this I plead unhook she, set her free
Taste with sweet mouth the dry juice of love and
Define in modest terms for what thee earns
Keep close, step near, you learn to escape your fear
Come hither and do not rest thou knowest I love you best
Kingdom of guns George Bush's will is done
For thou sits in the white house jerking off at seven
Never did I learn to speak my time in turn
Under cast sky's I wish to die
This bed is not mine this body is not known
Fuck I didn't make it home

-CARRIE MARGOLIS



CAR ACCIDENT

Melissa Becker



UNTITLED

Belle Burchill

BRAVE LIFE

...When Keena found out that her mother wasn't going to make it, she decided she'd leave New York to live back home. She felt Mom needed that closeness.

"Keena Zoë, darling, are you still going after that crazy acting dream of yours?" Her mother asked, reaching for her glass of water on the side table. A pink lamp her brother Aidan made for mother's day was accented by a picture of the girls taken by her other brother Scott.

"Mommy, you know that I love acting. You know I'm good at it, too. C'mon, you went to all of my shows in high school."

"You rounded out the family, sweetheart. You kids wouldn't be the Successful Seven if it weren't for you."

"Mommy, why did we have to be the Successful Seven? Is life this big huge contest to you? It's not to me. It never was." Keena remembered all of the times she and her siblings stood out in school. They were all honor roll students, captains of cheerleading and football teams, leads in the school plays and first place winners of the science fairs. There wasn't any challenge the McAdams children couldn't conquer.

"Darling, life is only a contest if you make it one. You kids were just splendidly amazing at contests. Why would I take that away from you? Isn't it a mother's right to want to give her children the moon?" Her mother gave Keena a look that only a daughter could know: it said,

“You’ll know the answer when you’re a mother (if you ever find a nice boy) so don’t even try to answer the question.”

“I get it, Mommy.” She kissed her mother on the forehead and pointed at the door. “I’m going to make you some tea, okay?” Her mother nodded her head in approval.

“Keena walked down the stairs, past the pictures of happier days and braces, and sat at the yellow and white breakfast nook. She rested her elbows on the table and put her head in her hands. Her mother gave her the moon her whole life and here she was, twenty-six and lost every bit of it. It felt like that time in third grade when Keena brought a piece of the Berlin Wall for show and tell that her father brought back from a business trip for her. She put it in her lunchbox and it fell out on the playground an hour later. Her piece of history was gone and became just another rock. She felt that her mother’s gift of the moon was wasted on her.

...She fished through her purse for her car keys, started the car and pulled out of the parking garage. As she got to the traffic light, it was yellow. Keena paused, her right foot hovering over the gas pedal, wondering if she could make the light or if she should stop. Just as she was about to coast through the blurry orange light, the railroad crossing signs began blinking on and off and the bells began to ring. Keena suddenly pressed her feet on the brake, causing the entire car to jerk. The crossing gate fell lightly on the hood of the car.

She sat there, watching the longest freight train slow down in front of

her. Keena was transfixed with the speed of the train and the different colors that were flying by her. It was as though she were in a movie, watching a scene in which the main character is on an acid trip. "Look at all the pretty colors," Keena thought.

Her mind went blank. Everything that had happened that day floated out of Keena's head like bubbles. They were all beautiful and translucent, but small and weak. They popped before her; all of her day's misfortunes and failures were gone. Keena's eyes fixed on one of the cars. It was a rusty red color with an advertisement in unintelligible white writing painted on. The door to the car was open.

Keena felt herself open the car door and with one running jump, she hopped aboard the train to an unknown destination. Keena sat down with her legs dangling out of the car and watched the scenery of the sleepy town go by. She saw farms, playgrounds, churches and backyards all in a blur as the train whizzed by. A loud noise was disturbing her calm existence on the train. It kept sounding in time with the music that was playing in her head. Keena looked up and snapped back to reality. The train was gone and a dozen angry drivers were sitting behind her, honking their horns. She pressed on the gas and drove along the road, traveling further and further away from the train tracks.

She sighed. Her problems flooded back to her but something was different. Her day didn't seem to be the worst day of her life. Her Grandpa Devlin's explanation of what her name meant, and why her mother had given it to her, came back to her. "You're a brave life, Keena McAdams." She smiled. This day wasn't going to stop her.

A NIGHT'S WHISPER

Its a nights whisper
Tangible in my mind
With fleshy rivers stretching below the darkness
and crystal reflections of a brief moment's taste
Riding along the sentimental boundaries of its lazy eye
capturing the teasing warmth of this sleeping creature

Well, can you see this
Can you see it bathing in moist dreams?

Listen
Listen to the abrupt twitches in its wintry tombs and the warm bubbling
juices erupting in its throat
Tempted to mold myself into its frozen atmosphere
To press again and again
Slip inside its waxen pupils
for it is a doubly sublime nature to look upon myself and smile and cry
a selfish ecstasy to worship myself through its sky

But oh there must be silence still
and temptations dull themselves to disappointment
To witness what was always damaged territory
With remnants of bootprints and indisposable shadows
still smoking on mountains of bacterial bliss
Can this barren but luscious landscape purify itself, bleeding out odorous
toxins
slowly cleansing

Will my bowing tears bleed out of your battleground too
or will it stain and seep into your earth
to remove the tight lips of darkness from your lungs
sing to your soldiers so they may sleep



PILLOW

Omega Dale

gather those smoking shadows with my netted lungs
to rupture your mountains and steal those old souls

Oh, and yet... here I still sit
inspired that this sultry bit of earth can still exist
it rolls out before me to spot the nightly air
a bitter perfection
To watch a breathing prayer
To have known a sin
And discover a temple

-CHRISTINA SIMPSON



BLOOD RUNS LIKE WATER

I fell several worlds back tonight
to an old universe of smoldering darkness.
There is one light for direction,
but it blinds me frozen in my tracks.
I can't feel my way around the familiar terrain.
There is also one tunnel that I have heard
is destined to serenity,
but secretly hidden within a maze of glass walls.
The problem is that the tunnel lengthens upon entrance
To discourage young, torn limbs,
Raw from sharp encounters with reality.

I have been shackled to unfamiliar faces far too long,
Resulting in devastating trauma to the brain.
Sentences draining from trusted tongues
No longer formulate definition.
My options are quickly disappearing,
Suddenly the air is getting thinner.
I am submerged in the water of Holy,
Washing the sins out of my black soul.
The water boils my flesh and liquefies my faith
Into a puddle of urine on the damp concrete.
I am significantly weaker,
Spinal cord paralyzed from the shock
Of abandonment.
The shutters that whip my bones relentlessly,
And vomit that infests my throat,
Ignited by knotted nerves,
Must have gone unobserved,



SUBSPACE



Kerri Mahon

For no one seemed to notice,
Or care.

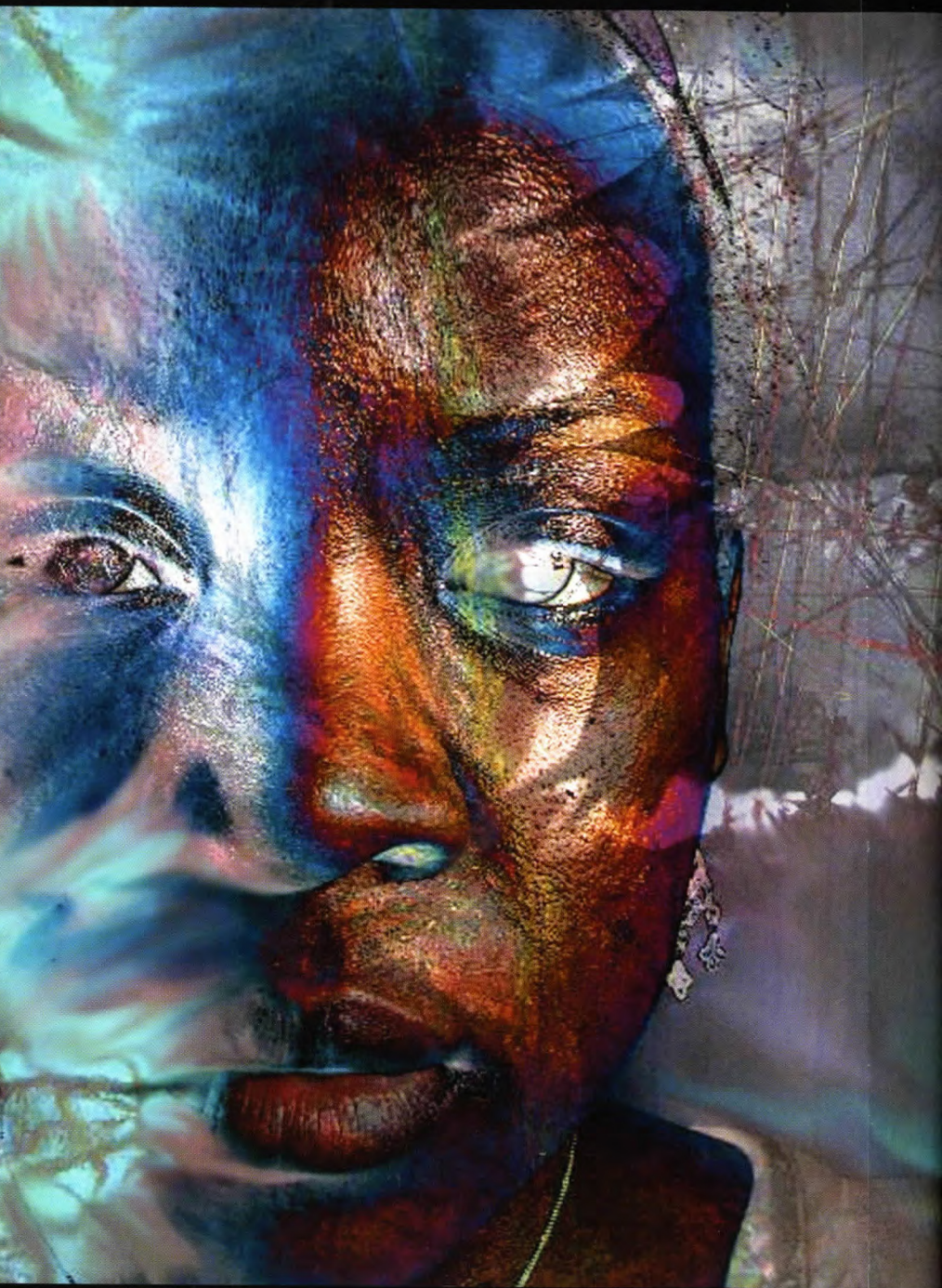
They say a bruised heart has the strength to heal,
And God will fix all mistakes.
I disagree.
When Blood has turned its back,
There is no form of salvation.

I've stepped into a different universe now,
Blood runs like water and trust is dismissed.
Lies become truth,
Love becomes hate,
Only available option left is death.

What is death worth
If one dies alone,
It couldn't possibly mean anything?
This rough disguised exterior is contemplating existence,
Blood once told me
To quit playing jokes,
And end my sorrow with guilty hands.

I must have somehow melted footprints
With my evil intuitions,
That where left stagnant in the snow
For me to follow
My way back home.

--KRISTI MARQUIS



FORBIDDEN

Sophia Domeville